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Story of the Dutch Sailor



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Chapter 1 by Haydée

This is the great big story of the Dutch Sailor.

The Dutch Sailor lives in the Netherlands, also called Lowlands, and he is no common man. He belongs to the tallest population of the world, he is stronger than a Sumo fighter, cuter than a puppy and sweeter than sugar.

He drinks Heineken beer, and then rides fast on his bike, sometimes swerving and hiccupping down the dark streets of Delft.

But most of his time, he spends it at sea: the wild, cold, unforgiving ocean.

Chapter 2 by Coraline Castell



The sea is the only thing that can ever understand him. Respect him. The sea doesn't pity him for his condition, it ravages him with its waves unforgivingly and for that he is grateful.

Some people say he is mad. Mad for believing himself a God on Earth.

"Can't he see he isn't as tall and strong as he thinks," they would question aloud wherever he passed. "doesn't he realize these se

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The sea didn't kill, he knew

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to not fight it back

Those who say otherwise are weaklings. It is this philosophy that fuels him on.

Chapter 3 by Eltrocomanoco



With that philosophy he would take on the frosty waters of the north and the knife-like winds they brought. He would endure the hours or days of patience the breeze-less crystal waters the south contained. The west wasn't forever and he felt dared by the sea into proving it. The stars would show him the way, the moon would light it, the thunder would confirm his destination and the rocking of the ways would calm the fire the waves couldn't quench.

This fire raged within him unchecked, mighty and bright. It gave him courage and strength. You could see it in his eyes every time he talked about the marvels he saw hiding behind the horizon and the lands he dreamt on finding. He knew they were out there, calling for help, longing for human companionship, being protected by the waters he braved.

His companion in all this was as beautiful as daring. She was faithful in his treks and obedient in his commands. The "Resolution" got him where only his heart has been before. With massive sails, impressive rigging and a mettle of steel she would fight the blue with the tenacity his captain did.

Chapter 4 by adware



It was said of him that a man who names his sailing boat Resolution must be overcompensating madly, and still in search for it. This was a man who used that same boat to sail away from everything and everyone who offered him any trouble or resistance to how he wished to live his life, whenever his bike could not carry him far enough away. And so many stories went unended that he began, those of family, girls and friends, enemies too. But perhaps the name was made all the truer because of this-- the resolution for any such story was always the same-- if you loved the man and wanted to keep him, you could expect to find yourself chasing him to the docks, only to watch the white sail disappear over the horizon, before the curtain fell to conceal your torment.

While the Dutch Sailor was never a violent man, and very rarely an angry one, he hurt many people this way. And he hurt too, when he stopped to get to thinking about it. But the

"Resolution" was the only friend he needed, the only "she" who could keep up with him.

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